Subject: "The Gardens of Solomon."

TEXT: "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I nade me gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits, I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees."—Ecclesiastes

A spring morning and breakfast at Jerusalem. A king with robes snowy white in chariot decked with gold, drawn by eight horses, high mettled, and housings as brilhorses, high mettled, and housings as brilliant as it scolloped out of that very sunrise, and like the winds for speed, followed by a regiment of archers on horseback, with hand on gilded bow and arrows with steel points flashing in the sun, clad from head to foot in Tyrian purple, and black hair sprinkled with gold dust, all dashing down the road, the horses at full run, the reins loose on their necks, and the crack of whips and the halloo of the reckless caval-cade putting the miles at defiance. Who is it, and what is it! King Solomon taking an outing before breakfast from Jerusalem to his gardens and parks and orchards and reservoirs, six miles down the road toward Hebron. What a contrast between that and myself on that very road one morning last December going afoot, for our plain vehicle turned back for photographic apparatus forgotten; we on the way to find what is called Solomon's pool, the ancient water works of Jarusalem, and the gardens of a king nearly three thousand years ago. We cross the aqueduct again and again, and here we are at the three great reservoirs, not ruins of reservoirs, but the reservoirs themselves, that Solomon built three millenniums ago for the purpose of catching the mountain streams and passing them to Jerusalem to slake the thirst of the city, and also to irrigate the most glorious range of gardens that ever bloomed with all colors or breathed with all redolence, for Solomon was the greatest horticulturist, the greatest botanist, the greatest ornithologist, the greatest capi-talist and the greatest scientist of his cen-

tury.

Come over the piles of gray rock, and here we are at the first of the three reservoirs, which are on three great levels, the base of the top reservoir higher than the top of the the base of the second reservoir higher than the top of the third, so arranged that the waters gathered from the several sources above shall descend from basin to basin, the sediment of water deposited in each of the three, so that by the time it gets down to the aqueduct which is to take it to Jerusalem it has had three filterings, and is as pure as when the clouds rained it. Wonderful specimens of masonry are these three reservoirs. The white cement fastening the blocks of stone together is now just as when the trowels three thousand years ago smoothed the layers. The highest reservoir 380 feet by 529, the second, 423 feet by 160. and the lowest reservoir, 586 feet by 169, and deep enough and wide enough and mighty enough to float an ocean steamer.

On that December morning we saw the waters rolling down from reservoir to reservoir, and can well understand how in this neighborhood the imperial gardens were one great blossom, and the orchard one great basket of fruit, and that Soloone great basket of trutt, and that Solo-mon in his palace, writing the Song of Songs and Ecclesiastes, may have been drawing illustrations from what he had seen that very morning in the royal gar-dens when he alluded to melons, and mandrakes, and apricots, and grapes, and pomegranates, and figs, and spiken, and cinnamon, and calamus, and camphire, and "apple trees among the trees of the wood," and the almond tree as flourishing, and to myrrh and frankincense, and represented Christ as "gone down into his gardens, and the beds of spices to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilles," and to "eyes like fish pools," and to the voice of the turtle dove as heard in the land. I think was when Solomon was showing the Queen of Sheba through these gardens that the B:ble says of her: "There remained no the Bible says of her: "There remained no more spirit in her." She gave it up.

But all this splendor did not make Solomon happy. One day, after getting back from his morning ride and before the horses had

his morning ride and before the horses had yet been cooled off and rubbed down by the royal equerry, Solomon wrote the memorable words following my text, like a dirge played after a grand march, "Behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." In other words, "It don't pay!" Would God that we might all learn the lesson that this world cannot produce happiness! At Marsailles there is a produce happiness! At Marseilles there is a castellated house on high ground, crowned with all that grove and garden can do, and he whole place looks out upon as enchanting landscape as the world holds, water and hill clasping hands in a perfect bewitchment of scenery, but the owner of that place is totally blind, and to him all this goes for nothing, illustrating the truth that whether one be physically or morally blind, brilliancy one be physically or morally bind, formancy of surrounding cannot give satisfaction; but tradition says that when the "wise men of the east" were being guided by the star on the way to Bethlehem they for a little while lost sight of that star, and in despair and exhaustion came to a well to drink, when looking down into the well they saw the star re-flected in the water and that cheered them, and they resumed their journey; and I have the notion that though grandeur and pomp of surroundings may not afford peace at the well of God's consolation, close by, you may find happiness, and the plainest cup of the well of salvation may hold the brightest star that ever shone from the heavens.

Although these Solomonic gardens are in ruins, there are now growing there flowers that are to be found nowhere else in the Holy Land. How do I account for that? Solomon sent out his ships and robbed the gardens of the whole earth for flowers, and planted these exotics here, and these par-ticular flowers are direct descendants of the foreign plants he imported. Mr. Meshullan, a Christian Israelite, on the very sight of these royal gardens, has in our day, by putting in his own spade, demonstrated that the ground is only waiting for the right call to yield just as much luxuriance and splendor eighteen hundred years after Christ as it yielded Solomon one thousand years before Christ. So all Palestine is waiting to become the richest scene of horticulture, arboricul-

ture and agriculture.

Recent travelers in the Holy Land speak of the rocky and stony surface of nearly all Palestine as an impassable barrier to the future cultivation of the soil. But if they had examined minutely the rocks and stones of the Holy Land they would find that they are being skeletonized and are being meited into the soil and, being for the most part limestone, they are doing for that land what the American and English farmer does when, at great expense and fatigue, he draws his wagon load of lime and scatters it on the fields for their enrichment. The storms, the winters, the great midsummer heats of Palestine, by crumbling up and dissolving the rocks are gradually preparing
Palestine and Syria to yield a product like
unto the luxuriant Westchester farms of
New York, and Lancaster County farms of
Pennsylvania, and Somerset County farms
of New Jersey and the other magnificent
farm fields of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and
the crulent orchards of Mayrland, and Colthe opulent orchards of Maryland and Cal-ifornia. Let the Turk be driven out and the American or Englishman or Scotchman go in and Moham:nedanism withdraw its idol-atry and pure Christianity build its altars, and the irrigation of which Solomon's pool was only a suggestion will make all that land from Dan to Beersheba as fertile, and aromatic and resplendent as on the morning when the king rode out to his pleasure grounds in chariot so swift and followed by ounted riders so brilliant that it was for speed like a hurricane followed by a cyclone

As I look upon this great aqueduct of Palestine, a wondrous specimen of ancient masonry, about seven teet high, two fact wide, sometimes tunneling the solid rock and then rolling its waters through stoneware pipes, an aqueluct doing its work ten miles before it gets to those three reservoirs, and then gathering their wealth of refresh-ment and pouring it on to the mighty city of Jerusalem and filling the brazen sea of her of Jerusalem and lifting the orders are palaces, and the great pools of Siloam, and Hezekiah, and Bethesda, I find that our century has no monopoly of the world's wonders, and that the conceited age in which we live had better remembers that it is hard work in later ages to get masonry that will last fifty years, to say nothing of the three thousand, and no modern machinery could lift blocks of stone like some of those standing high up in the walls of Baalbec, and the art of printing claimed for and the art of printing claimed for recent ages was practiced by the Chinese fourteen hundred years ago, and that our midnight lightning express rail train was

foreseen by the prophet Nahum, when in the Bibie he wrote, "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightning," and our electric telegraph was foreseen by Job, when in the Bibie he wrote, "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, 'Here we are?" What is that talking by the lightnings but the electric telegraph? by the lightnings but the electric telegraph I do not know but that the electric forces now being year by year more thoroughly har nessed may have been employed in ages ex-tinct, and that the lightnings all up and down the sky have been running around like lost hounds to find their former master. Embalment was a more thorough art three

thousand years ago than to-day. Dentistry, that we suppose one of the important arts discovered in recent centuries, is proven to

be four thousand years old by the filled teeth of the mummies in the museums at Cairo, Ezypt, and artificial teeth on gold plates found by Belzoni in the tombs of de-parted nations. We have been taught that Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood so late as the seventeenth century.
Oh, no! Solomon announces it in Ecclesias. tes, where first having shown that he understood the spinal cord, silver colored as it is, and that it relaxes in old age—"the silver cord be lossed," goes on to compare the heart to a pitcher at a well, for the three canals of the heart do receive the blood like a pitcher, "or the pitcher be broken at the fountain." What is that but the circulation of the blood, found out twenty-six hundred years before Harvey was born? After many centuries of exploration and calculation as tronomy finds out that the world was round. Why, Isaiah knew it was round thousands of years before when in the Bible he said: "The Lord sitteth upon the circle of the earth." upon the circle of the earth. Scientists toiled on for centuries and found out refraction or that the rays of light when but retraction or that the rays of light when touching the earth were not straight, but bent or curved. Why, Job knew that when ages before in the Bible he wrote of the light: "It is turned as clay to the seal."

In the old cathedrals of England modern

nathe old cathedrais of England modern painters in the repair of windows are trying to make something as good as the window painting of four hundred years ago, and always failing by the unanimous verdict of all who examine and compare. The color of modern painting fades in fifty years, while the color of the old masters is as well preserved after five hundred years as after one year. I saw last winter on the walls of exhumed Pompeii paintings with color as fresh as though made the day before, though they were buried eighteen hundred years ago The making of Tyrian purple is an impossi-bility now. In our modern potteries we are trying hard to make cups and pitchers and bowels as exquisitely as those exhumed from Herculaneum, and our artificers are at-Herculaneum, and our artificers are attempting to make jewelry for ear and neck and finger equal to that brought up from the mausoleums of two thousand years before Christ. We have in our time glass in all shapes and all colors, but Piny, more than eighteen hundred years ago, described a malleable glass which, if thrown upon the ground and dented, could be pounded straight again by the hammer or could be twisted around the wrists and that could be twisted around the wrists, and that confounds all the glass manufacturers of our own time. I tried in Damascus, Syria, to buy a Damascus blade, one of those swords that could be bent double or tied in a knot without breaking. I could not get one. Why? The Nineteenth century cannot make a Damascus blade. If we go on enlarging cur cities we may after a while get a city as large as Babylon, which was five times the size of London. could be twisted around the wrists, and that size of London.

These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-These aqueducts of Solomon that I visit to-day, finding them in good condition three thousand years after construction, make ma think that the world may have forgotten more than it now knows. The great honor of our age is not machinery, for the ancients had some styles of it more wonderful; nor art, for the ancients had art more exquisite and durable; nor architecture, for Roman Coliseum and Grecian Acropolis surpass all modern architecture; nor cities, for some of modern arcintecture; nor cities, for some of the ancient cities were larger than ours in the sweep of their pomp. But our attempts must be in moral achievement and gospel victory. In that we have already surpassed them, and in that direction let the ages push on. Let us brag less of worldly achievement and thank God for moral opportunity. More good men and good women is what the world wants. Toward moral elevation and spiritual attainment let the chief struggle be. The source of all that I will show you before sundown of this day on which we have visited the pools of Solomon and the gardens

of the king.

We are on this December afternoon on the way to the cradle of Him who called Himself greater than Solomon. We are coming upon the chief cradle of all the world, not lined with satin, but strewn with straw; not sheltered by a palace, but covered by a barn; not presided over by a princess, but hovered over by a peasant girl; yet a cradle the of which is angelic wings, an lullaby of which is the first Christmas carol ever sung, and from which all the events of the past and all the events of the future have the past and all the events of the thicke have and must take date as being B. C. or A. D.— before Christ or after Christ. All eternity past occupied in getting ready for this cradle, and all eternity to come to be employed in

and all eternity to come celebrating its consequences.

I said to the tourist companies planning
I said to the tourist companies planning

"Put us in Bethleour oriental journey, "Put us in Bethle-hem in December, the place and the month of our Lord's birth," and we had our wish. I am the only man who has ever attempted to tell how Bethlehem looked at the season Jesus was born. Tourists and writers are there in February, or March, or April, when the valleys are an embroidered sheet of wild flowers, and anemones and ranunculus are flushed as though from attempting to climb the steeps, and lark and bul-finch are flooding the air with bird orches-tra. But I was there in December, a winter month, the barren beach between the two oceans of redolence. I was told I must not go there at that season, told so before not go there at that season, told so below I started, told so in Egypt; the books told me so; all travelers that I consulted about it told me so. But I was determined to see Bethlehem the same month in which Jesus arrived, and nothing could dissuade Was I not right in wanting to know how the Holy Land looked when Jesus came to it? He did not land amid flowers and song. When the angels chanted on the famous birthnight all the fields of Palestine were silent. The glowing skies were answered by gray rocks. As Bethlehem stood against a dleak wintry sky I climbed up to it, as through a bleak wintry sky Jesus descended upon it. His way down was from warmth to chill, from bloom to barrenness, from everylasting June to sterile December. from everlasting June to sterile December If I were going to Palestine as a botanist and to study the flora of the land I would go in March; but I went as a minister of Christ to study Jesus and so I went in December. I wanted to see how the world's front door looked when the heavenly Stranger entered

The town of Bethlehem, to my surprise, in the shape of a horseshoe, the houses extending clear onto the prongs of the horse shoe, the whole scene more rough and rude than can be imagined. Verily, Carist did not choose a soft, genial place in which to be born. The gate through which our Lord entered this world was a gate of rock, a hard cold gate, and the gate through which He de-parted was a swing gate of sharpened spears. We enter a gloomy church built by Constan-tine over the place in which Jesus was born. Fifteen lamps burning day and night and from century to century light our way to the spot which all authorities, Christian and Jev and Mohammedan, agree upon as being the place of our Saviour's birth, and covered by

panee of our Saviour's birth, and covered by a marble slab, marked by a silver star sent from Vienna, and the words: "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary."

But standing there I thought, though this is the place of the nativity, how different the surroundings of the wintry night in which Jesus came! At that time it was a khan, or a cattle pen. I visited one of these khans, now standing and looking just as in Christ's time. We rode in under the arched entrance and dismounted. We found the building of and dismounted. We found the building o stone, and around an open square, withou roof. The building is more than two thou and years old. It is two stories high; in the center are camels, horses and mules. Caravans halt here for the night or during a long storm. The open square is large enough to accommodate a whole herd of cattle, a flock of sheep or caravan of camels. The neighboring Bedouins here find market for their hay; straw and meats. Off from this center there are tweive rooms for human habitation. The only light is from the door. I went into one of these rooms and found a woman cooking the evening meal There were six cows in the same room. On a little elevation there was some straw where the people sat and slept when they wished to rest. It was in a room similar to that our

Lord was born This was the cradle of a King, and yet what cradle ever held so much? Civilization! Liberty! Redemption! Your pardon and mine! Your peace and mine! You heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe heaven and mine! Cradle of a universe! Cradle of a God! The gardens of Solomon we visited this morning were only a type of

what all the world will be when this illustrious personage now born shall have com-pleted His mission. The horses of finest limb, and gayest champ of bit, and sublimest arch of neck, that ever brought Solomon down to of neck, that ever brought solomon down to these adjoining gardens was but a poor type of the horse upon which this conqueror, born in the barn, shall ride, when according to apocalyptic vision all the "armies of heaven shall follow Him on white horses." The waters that rush down these hills into you der three great reservoirs of rock, and then pour in marvelous aqueduct into Jerusa-lem till the brazen sea is full, and the baths are full, and Siloam is full, are only an im-perfect type of the rivers of delight, which, as the result of this great one's coming, shall roll on for the slaking of the thirst of all na-tions. The palace of Lebanon cedar, from which the imperial cavalcade passed out in which the imperial cavalcade passed out in the early morning, and to which it returned with glowing cheek and gingling harness and lathered sides, is feeble of architecture compared with the house of many mansions nto which this one born this winter month on these bleak heights shall conduct us when our sins are all pardoned, our hattles all fought, our tears all wept, our work all

Standing here at Bethlehem do you not see that the most honored thing in all the earth is the cradle? To what else did loosened star ever point? To what else did heaven lower balconies of light filled with chanting immortals? The way the cradle rocks the world rocks. God bless the mothers all the world over! The cradles decide the destinies of nations. In ten thousand of them are this moment the hands that will yet give benediction of mercy or hurl boits of doom, the feet that will mount the steeps toward God or descend the blasted way, the lips that will pray or blasphem. Oh, the cradle! It is more tremendous tha the grave. Where are most of the leaders of the twentieth century soon to dawn upon us? Are they on thrones? No. In chariots? No. In pulpits? No. In counting houses? No. They are in the gradle. The most tremendous are in the gradle. are in the cradle. The most tremendou thing in the universe and next to God is to be a mother. Lord Shaftesbury said, "Give me a generation of Christian mothers, and . will change the whole phase of society in twelve months." Oh, the cradle! Forget not the one in which you were rocked. Though old and worn out that cradle may be standing in attic or barn, forget not the foo that swaved it the lips that sang over it the tears that dropped upon it, the faith in God that made way for it. The boy Walter Scott did well when he spent the first five guinea piece he ever earned as a present to his mother.

Dishonor not the cradle, though it may Dishonor not the cradle, though it may, like the one my sermon celebrates, have been a cradle in a barn, for I think it was a Christian cradle. That was a great cradle in which Martin Luther lay, for from it came forth the reformation of the Sixteenth century. That was a great cradle in which Daniel O'Connell lay, for from it came forth an eloquence that will be inspiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which spiring while men have eyes to read or ears to hear. That was a great cradle in which Washington lay, for from it came forth the happy deliverance of a nation. That was a great cradle in which John Howard lay, for from it came forth a mercy that will not cease until the last dungeon gets the Bible and light and fresh air. Great cradles in which the John Wesley and the Lore Waste and the Lore Waste and the Lore Waste and the Lore Waste and the Lore was the leys and the John Knoxes and the John Masons lay, for from them came forth an all conquering evangelization. But the greatest cradle in which child ever slept, or woke, laughed or cried was the cradle over which Mary bent and to which the wise men which Mary bent and to which the wise men brought frankincense and upon which the heavens dropped song. Had there been no manger, there had been no cross. Had there been no Bethlehem, there had been no Golgotha. Had there been no incarnation, there had been no ascension. Had there been no

gotta. Had there been no incarration, there had been no ascension. Had there been no start, there had been no close.

Standing in the chill khan of a Saviour's humiliation, and seeing what He did for us, I ask, What have we done for Him? "There is nothing I can do," says one. As Christmas was approaching in the village church a good woman said to a group of girls in lowly and straitened circumstances, "Let all now do something for Christ." After the day was over she asked the group to tell her what they had done. One said: "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I had a beautiful flower I had carefully trained in our home, and I thought much of it, and I put that flower on the church altar." another said, "I could not do much, for put that flower on the church altar." And another said, "I could not do much, for we are very poor, but I can sing a little, and so I went down to a poor sick woman in the lane, and sang as well as I could, to cheer her up, a Christmas song." "Well, Helen, what did you do?" She replied, "I could not do much, but I wanted to do something for Christ, and I could think of nothing else to do, and so I went into the church after the people who went into the church after the people who had been adorning the altar had left, and I scrubbed down the altar back stairs." Beau-Christmas Day gave her as much credit for that earnest act as He may have given to the robed official who on that day read for the people the prayers of a resounding service. Something for Christ! Something for

Christi
A plain man passing a fortress saw a Russian soldier on guard in a terribly cold night, and took off his coat and gave it to the soldier, saying, "I will soon be home and warm, and you will be out here all night." So the soldier wrapped himself in the borrowed coat. The plain man who loaned the coat to the soldier soon after was dying, and in his dream saw Christ and said to Him, "You have got my coat on." "Yes," said Christ; "this is the one you lent Me on that cold night by the fortress. I was naked, and ye clothed Me." Something for Christ! By the memories of Bethlehem I adjure you!

In the light of that star Lie the ages empearled. That song from afar Has swept over the world.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An electric bicycle, to run upon a wire, is one of the newest wheeling inventions.

Dr. Sequard claims that his clixir has cured intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

The Academie de Sciences has sub mitted a new system of musical notation in which twenty-seven characters replace the 203 symbols now employed to represent the seven notes of the gamut in the seven keys.

The Urania, of Berlin, is an institution containing well-appointed telescopes, inicroscopes and other instruments for public use. In its first year it has been visited by about 100, J00 persons, who have been benefited by about 1000 lectures.

Dr. Regnard finds that decomposable substances resist putrefaction when under a pressure of 600 to 700 atmospheres. This corresponds to a depth of 3000 or 4000 fathoms at sea, and indicates that corpses sunk in great depths may be indefinitely preserved.

If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

A machine for automatically blowing a fog whistle has just been patented. A vessel equipped with the machine may travel at any rate of speed and continue to blow one or three blasts of the whistle per minute while proceeding through fog. Many steamers use it-on the lakes, for instance.

In a paper on "Liquid Crystals," a German chemist reports the discovery of some most curious organic liquids, which when examined in drops under the microscope by polarized light, show definite axes of elasticity, just like crystals. This is pronounced one of the most remarkable of recent discoveries in molecular physics.

BERLIN is just finding out that its new quarters are built in a flimsy manner, and that many of the new palaces are mere fire traps, while the city has no adequate fire-department.

RELIGIOUS READING.

A HARVEST SERMON. The woods are russet golden. On the hill The busy hum of insect life is still; The dreamy softness in the air grows chill.

The swallows' nests are empty in the eaves; Her filmy web, dew gemmed, the spider weaves. Virginia creeper's blood-red

The harvest fields of all their wealth are snorn, The last rich load in triumph home is borne, And g'eaners gather up the fallen corn. Not one of all those sheaves of gathered

grain But feeds mankind, or, sown, lives on again; Not one amongst the gleaners toil in vain. No falling leaf from those great elms hard by,

Drenched through by autumn mist, can aim-less die, But feeds the nook where spring's first violets Nor, sisters, is one fight for justice lost,

Though thrashed and winnowed—to destruc-

tion tossed;

God works alike by sunshine and by frost. Strive for the right! Do battle brave and Fear not and faint not! For the end in view, Leave it with Him. Dead efforts live anew! —[Women's Penny Paper.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOY. Christ had set before Him the joy of bringing many souls to glory. It is nice to con-gratulate ourselves that we are candidates for glory, but we have got something to do before we get there. That is what we are here for. A friend on the hill tonight said he thought the joy over his first convert was almost as great as that over his own converalmost as great as that over his own conversion. I think it was more. There are three great joys. The first is the joy of our own salvation; the second is the joy of bringing some one else to Christ, which is greater, because it is double. You enjoy it, and he does, and joy that is communicated is double.

The greatest joy is that of seeing one's children walking in the truth when one is in his old age. Do you know that you and I re to be crowned with the same joy and glory as Christ? Thank God, I believe out I can't realize it. Some one has made he remark that everything that God gave to the Son He gave away. The only thing the world gave Him that He didn't give away was that alabaster box that Mary broke over Him, and if she had given Him the whole her. the whole box He would have given that away.—[D. L. Moody.

A COMPLETE SURRENDER.

There is an oft-told but instructive story with a sense of sin, and a consciousness that with a sense of sin, and a consciousness that he had offended the great Spirit, sought to become reconciled to God. To propitiate the favor of Heaven he offered his dearest possessions. He laid down his ornaments which were his pride, yet he found no relief to his burdened soul. He placed beside them his blanket, but found no conscious assurance that this gift was accepted and that he was approved of God. Next he that he was approved of God. Next he laid down his gun, the choicest of all his possessions, inquiring if God would accept that and accept him. Still there was no peace, no consciousness of Divine approval, intil at length he added to all and prayed that God would Take poor Indian too;" and then peace entered his heart, and he could feel that his offering was accepted, and that he was accepted with it.

cepted with it.

The great need of the burdened soul is peace with God, and God will accept no divided allegiance. No man is important enough to be accepted of the Lord until he is offered in his entirety. The offering must be a complete, a perfect, an undivided offering. To be accepted of the Lord a man must be wholly given up to Him. The surrender must be entire, absolute, eternal; and when all is yielded up then peace and joy and rest come in to fill the soul.

How many there are who think to please

How many there are who think to please the Lord with divided hearts, who imagine that He will accept hem, and while they are going astray in evil ways; and how much of failure and disappointment and heart-break and ruin comes through this mistaken idea. God would have us wholly His. Let us pray that He will detach tus from every earthly hindrance, and unite us to Himself in an everlasting covenant, bound with bonds of

overlas.ing love.
O man of earth, struggling in the darkness and longing for the light; wearied of earth and yet not finding rest in God, will you not from this time give yourself wholly to the Lord? Let the past days of doubt, of indecision and uncertainty suffice. For the future let the eye be single, that the whole body be full of light. You are not your own, you are bought with a price, the blood of the Son of God. What can you render to the Lord for all his benefits? You have thought, and prayed, and wept.

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here Lord, I give myself away 'Tis all that I can do.'

-[Common People. A BOLD FRONT.

Never in the history of the church has there been a greater demand or a louder call for "a bold front" than at present.

The perilous times have come: "Men are lovers of their own selves, covet-ous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedi-ent to parents, unthankful, unboly, lovers of pleasures more than of God, having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof." It is in view of these Scriptural facts that we need more men who will make no comprom-ise with sin, and will not turn cowards when the finger of scorn or the voice of wrath is

raised. Some years ago a sailor at the close of a prayer meeting laid a blank card before his friend, requesting him to write few words on it, I ccause, as he said, "You will do it more plainly than I can.
"Write these words, sir: 'I love Jesus; do

After he had written them he said:
"Now you must tell me what you are going
to do with the card."
He replied: "I am going to sea tomorrow, He replied: "I am going to sea tomorrow, and I am afraid if I do not take a stand at once I may begin to be ashamed of my religion, and let myself be laughed out of it altogether. Now as soon as I go on board I shall walk straight to my bunk and nail up this card upon it, that everyone may know that I can a Christian."

that I am a Christian." The spirit of boldness as manifested by the young sailor is the present need on the part of individual members at large. Carry out your religious convictions to the letter, meet the enemy with bo'dness, let understand where you stand and under what flag you sail. A few weeks ago one of our American ships was pursued by a suspicious American ships was pursued by a suspicious craft. The captain ran up the mast-head the American flag. The enemy turned away, because he knew that the powers of this nation would be stirred. Likewise when your assailants meet you and the darts of the enemy are three tened, raise your banner, unfurl it, stand under it, let your alleginger to God he known and the enemy giance to God be known, and the enemy will be made to feel that with you is a holy unction, a Divine power, that cannot and

will not fail thee.
Only be true to God when in the thickest of the fight, when made the butt of ridicule or when tempted to yield to wrong. Stand firm, be a man, be a Christian man; say No say to your associates with the calm earnestness of one who has looked into eternity, cannot sin against God." Put on the w! cannot sin against tool the work and in God's own time the guns of the enemy will be silenced, the sky will clear, the noise of the battle will cease, and all Heaven and earth will be made to ring with the shouts of a final triumphant victory that will be our

THE Supreme Court of Minnesota has made a decision for which it deserves the thanks of women. It is that photographs are the property of the persons who sat for them. This decision was reached after a year's litigation growing out of suits against tobacconists and others who have procured pictures of well-known women without permission, and used them as trade marks.

GENERAL BUTLER and Gov. Brackets are at the head of the movement in Boston for the erection of a memorial hall in honor of Wendell Phillips.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 23.

Lesson Text: "Jesus Crucified," Luke xxiii., 33-47-Golden Text: Isaiah liii., 16-Commentary.

33. "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors one on the right hand and the other on the left."
Our last lesson left Him in their hands to do their pleasure with Him; and after the scourging and mocking we see the cross laid brutally on that torn and bleeding back, and He goes forth bearing His csoss (John xix., 17.) While it is not said that He fainted under it, the fact that they turned Simon the Cyrenian about, and compelled him to bear it after. Journal 2004, leading him to bear it after Jesus (verse 26), looks as if He may have sunk beneath it, or, perhaps, stumbled through weakness or loss of blood. Then hear Him as He says to the women who follow, "Weep not for Me, but for your-selves and your children" (verse 28). And see the two malefactors each bearing his cross. Thus follow to Calvary or Golgotha, the place of a skull (Matt. xxvii., 33). And now see the three crosses, each bearing its living, dying, agonizing burden; on either side an evil doer suffering justly, but in the

ing there for you until you get a truly broken and contrite heart because of your sins. 34. "Then said Jesus, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted His raiment and cast lots." Can you see Him stripped of His raiment, laid down upon the cross, the nails driven through His quivering flesh, and then hear Him pray, "Father, forgive them." As you see and hear all this let your heart say, "Oh, my soul, see what He suffered for you, and never cease to thank Him for it; see His compassion for His murderers, and in like manner pray for them that despitefully use

midst the Holy Jesus suffering the just for the unjust. Gaze intently upon Him suffer-

you.
35. "And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided Him, saying, He saved others, let Him save Himself, if He be Christ, the chosen of God." Their cruelty knows no bounds; they have now done their worst; they have crucified Him, but they cannot cease; and as He hangs in greatest physical agony upon the cruel cross they deride Him. He could have saved Him-self if He had wished. Not all the power of men or devils could have harmed Him unless

He had permitted it.

36. "And the soldiers also mocked Him, coming to Him and offering Him vinegar."
The sufferings and death of Christ reveal the hearts of men—the true children of God, who hearts of men—the true children of God, who in trial forsake Him; the professor only, who, being tempted, sells Him; those highest in religious things, who, being only hypocrites, hate reality; those highest in temporal power, who know nothing of eternal realities and care only to please people; the irreligious (as these soldiers), who care for none of these things, and the offscouring of the earth suffering just punishment for their crimes—all have their hearts revealed by the orses of Christ.

cross of Christ.

37. "And saying. If Thou be the King of the Jews save Thyself." They could not understand a King who had no followers and seemed to have no power. They knew nothing of the powers unseen by mortal eyes; horses and chariots of fire were things they had never seen nor known about; legions of Roman soldiers they had seen, but legions of

angels, never.
38. "And a superscription also was written. over Him, in letters of Greek and Latin and Hebrew, This is the King of the Jews." The chief priests objected to this, and wished Pilate to write, "He said, I am King of the Pilate to write, "He said, I am King of the Jews" (John xix., 21); but Pilate insisted on keeping it as he had written it. Thus to Jews and Gentiles in all the languages of the Roman empire was proclaimed the fact that this crucified One was a king; and by the three languages we are reminded that He was King not only of the Jews, but of all nations (Zech. ix., 9; Ps. lxxxvi., 9).

39. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him. saving: If Thou be

hanged railed on Him, saying: If Thou be Christ save Thyself and us." Rulers, soldiers and malefactors all utter the same taunt, "Save thyself." When Satan spoke through Peter it was to the same effect, "Pity thyself" (Matt. xvi., 22, margin); and in this oftrepeated cry we recognize the same adver-sary in each (Cor. iv., 11).

40. "But the other answering, rebuked

him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?" Hardened, indeed, must have been the heart of this condemned man, who, knowing that he must very soon meet God in the spirit world, railed even to the last; but people are still known to go to their execution cursing God to the last, so hardened may the heart of sinful man become. 41. "And we indeed justly; for we receive

the due reward of our deeds; but this man hath done nothing amiss." Another testi-mony to the innocence of "This Man." We have heard it from Judas, from Pilate, from Pilate's wife, indirectly from Herod, and now from the thief on the cross. How he came to this knowledge we are not told, but we re-joice in his added testimony.

42. "And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remem-

This is grand. Not only does he confess himself a justly punished wicked man, but he confesses that the man at his side is an innocent man suffering unjustly; that notwith-standing all that has been done to Him and said to Him He is really a king and has a kingdom; and he humbly asks to be remem-

bered in that kingdom.
43. "And Jesus said unto him, Verily ay unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." What a trophy for Christo display among the redeemed! What a redemption for this malefactor to obtain! He demption for the state of the uttermest but saves others; yes, even to the uttermost, but He saves not Himself.

44. "And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth there was a darkness over all the earth until
the ninth hour." He was crucified at the
third hour (Mark xv., 25), which would be
about 9 o'clock. At the sixth hour or 12
o'clock this darkness set in, which continued
till He died at 3 o'clock. The sun refused to
shine longer upon such a scene; earth put on
mourning.

mourning.
45. "And the sun was darkened, and the reil of the temple was rent in the midst."
The veil was a symbol of His body or flesh. As in tabernacle and temple, the veil concealed the glory of God; so during all His stay on earth the mortal body of Christ concealed within it the glory of God.

stay on earth the mortal body of Christ con-cealed within it the glory of God.

40. "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice. He said, Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit; and having said thus He gave up the ghost." This is the last of His seven sayings on the cross. For the others in the order of utterance see verses 34, 43; John xix., 25, 27; Matt. xxvii., 46; John xix., 28, 30. They tell of forgiveness, Paradise, provision for our need while here and the infinite cost at which all has been purchased. The last confirms the has been purchased. The last confirms the fact of life apart from the body or conscious

fact of life apart from existence after death.

47. "Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly was done, he glorified man." Yet another wighteous man." Yet another yet Jesus this was a righteous man." Yet another testimony to the innocence of the Lord Jesus Christ in addition to those mentioned in verse 41. We hope the centurion truly belived on Him, but we are not told .- Lesson

Some lakes are distinctly blue, others present various shades of green, so that in some cases they are hardly distinguishable from their level, grasscovered banks; a few are almost black. The Lake of Geneva is azure hued; the Lake of Costannee and the Lake of Lucerne are green; the color of the Mediterranean has been called indigo. The Lake of Brienz is greenish yellow, and its neighbor, Lake Thun, is blue.

A STRANGE story has just been published in Germany on the strength of a letter from an eye witness, now dead, to the effect that General Abel Douay, who fell at the battle of Worth, was really shot by an officer in a Turco regiment, who was furious at Douay's order of retreat.

Even the caterpillar has to hump himself if he wants to make any pro-

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To bear is to conquer our fate. A good liver is the best preacher. Ill deeds are doubled with an evil

There is an utter of uncertainty about everything save uncertainty.

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. The finest nature, like the truest mind

must be tempered in the hottest furnace. That cannot be a healthy condition in which a few prosper and the great mass are drudges.

Blame is safer than praise. In general every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor.

Let this be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to neglect the rules of prudence. Communities are blest in the propor-

tion which money is diffused through the whole range of population. An apple tree puts to shame all the

men and women that have attempted to dress since the world began. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have

missed, you have gained something dse. Small kindnesses, small courteses, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the dis lay

of great talents and accomplishment. Trapping a Monster Elephant,

Silent and almost motionless, gite hidden in the darkness, stood the hge form of an old bull elephant, on of whose tusks had been damaged ithis youth and had become totally decayd. His head was bent forward in order to rest his one monster tusk upon the groud, his trunk loosely coiled between his fcelegs, was also resting on the ground, ad his great ragged ears flapped spasmdically in vain endeavors to shake off te myriads of mosquitoes that persistenly hovered around his head. Suddenly to forest was lit up by a most vivid flash c lightning, followed an instant afterward by a crashing peal of thunder. The ele phant raised his head with a startle jerk, his huge limbs shaking wit fear.

Almost before the rumbling echoes of the thunder had died away, the rain, that had been threatening for so mahours, fell in torrents. Flashes of ligh ning succeeded each other so rapid that the attendant peals of thunder we converted into one continuous roar, an the violence of the wind soon increase to a veritable tornado-a tropical hurri cane.

on all sides. The terrified elephant refear, but the tempest continued, the year amounted to \$86,625,000. monster became suddenly panic-stricken, and charged madly through the dense trunks of uprooted trees in his endeavors Fear 1890. to gain some open patch where there would be no danger of being crushed by the falling timber.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mad rush. the elephant sank to the ground with a sharp squeal of pain. The poor brute had severed the vines that supported one of the traps that had been arranged the previous day, and a heavily weighted spear was plunged between his shoulders. For some moments he remained motionless, then the great body rolled slowly from side to side in vain endeavor to free himself from the spear, but the weapon was barbed and the points had penetrated too deeply to be shaken off. Here he remained, exhausted, until daybreak, his hide covered with patches of mud and deep red smears of blood.—Scribner.

Fast Tornedo Boats ..

Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm for the highest speed seems at present to lie between an English boat ouilt for France in Thornycroft-the Coureur; and a German boat built for Italy by Schicau-the Nibbio. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour. A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat rushing through the water as fast as a train of cars runs over the land!

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the larger Normand, Schicau and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push

around the boat. The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch her torpedo and then turn and run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her .- St. Nicholas.

A Volcano as an Incubator.

The volcano of Bogoslor, on an island of the Aleutian group, off Alaska, which suddenly burst into activity last winter, and whose flaming summit could be seen for sixty miles, was visited during the summer by several officers of the United States revenue cutter Rush. The volcano is only 200 feet above the sea level. When the crater was opened by the submarine earthquake it is thought volumes of water rushed in which caused the dense clouds of steam that had been arising ever since. From a fissure at the base of the mountain rose a boiling sulphur fountain. The officers ascended to the crater, and on looking over the edge the steam could be seen in endless quantities rising from unknown depths. Rumbling noises, like thunder, were heard, and the air was impregnated with sulphur. One of the most curious facts discovered was that ocean birds used the island as a natural incubator for their young. Thousands of gulls flew away at the approach of the Rush and left behind them, along the sides of the volcano, eggs in all stages of development. The Rush brought an immense walrus hide, fifteen feet long, to be placed on exhibition at the world's fair. It will be first sent to the Smithsonian Institution to be prepared .- Chicago Herald.

WOMAN'S INTUUTION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for soling away from home thus unprepared, he going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it, was going to be warm; my wife told he to take my overcost, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men

anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they areapt to strike the nail on this head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be sus-

attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease." The veteran newspaper correspondent, Jos Howard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been tired all the time for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomei and yesterday he wished he hadn't." hadn't."

hadn't."
A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st, 1890: "I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

A New Way of Raising Peas.

While passing by the postoffice last Tuesday a reporter of the Enterprise overheard a prominent chicken and turkey raiser-who resides near Mount Vernon Church, and who, for convenience sake, can be called "Uncle Billy" Simmons-remark: "Last spring I planted a lot of English peas. One day chickens got in the garden, scratched them up and ate them. I didn't have time just then to send to town after more pea seed to plant, so I decided to cut the chickens' craws open, take the seed out and plant them. I did that. Then I sewed up the craws with a common needle and thread. I never saw a finer crop of English peas than I raised last spring, and I think those chickens were the best I ever tasted, for, be it known, the chickens lived and grew to be of good size."-Sutter City (Cal.) Enterprise.

The amount of life insurance in Ger-Trees were blown down and uprooted many, as reported by thirty-eight companies, was \$942,500,000 at the close of mained for some time motionless with 1889; and the new insurance written that

The hop crop of Lane County, Oregon, forest, stumbling and falling over the is estimated at 700,000 pounds for the

An extraordinary alvance in the use of consistent to have taken place of late years in nation. In the House of Commons, this last extent in the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the halveslor of the Exchequer, called attention tid as a cause for much of the falling off of the so of coffee. He attributed it in a measure, the position a preparation of cocoa kinou as "Grateful and Comforting" had take. In accord with this suggestion, it may be inresting to follow the course cocoa has taken England since 1822, when the duty, which had been standing at 6d. per pound, with a importation of under half a million pouns, was reduced to 2d. per pound, and not long fiter we find the homepathic doctrine of meddine introduced into the kingdom, and that it are so of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. medine introduced into the kingdom, and that he use of cocoa was specially advocated by phisicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homeopathic chemits established in England (the firm of James Epps & Co.) produced a special preparatio which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superbr character of this production has, no doubt done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchanger said, to bring about the advance made.

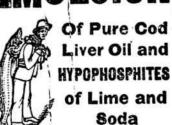


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